

Socially Inclined

The acute hyperchondria which the cultured affect is absolutely no excuse for the lack of patronage of the Symphony concerts, and it is too difficult to forbear from criticising those who are constantly posing as pace makers at the ticket window when something fine in music is announced and then hang back and fondle their dollars when they have a chance to hear something really worth while, which merits all the support that can be given it.

What there was of the Symphony audience was a fit representation of inland elegance, but there were so many who were not present who should have been that the lonely chairs only too well bespoke the fact that about thirty-five hundred of the four thousand like to hesitate when it comes to paying as they go.

If the concerts were a bore, if they leaned in the slightest toward the amateurish, if there was any real reason for people staying away, there would be nothing to say, but when it is considered that the efforts of the men and women whom Mr. Shepard has drilled so skilfully after weeks of careful preparation result in nothing but a deficit, something is radically wrong. It is disheartening at least.

"Three were invited—here come nine!
Water the porridge; all shall dine."

For as a result of a little impromptu meeting attended by three or four ladies, who wrapped in sable, sealskin and ermine, were wondering if the market would stop sliding long enough for them to get a square meal, it was decided to give a "hard times" dance to take place week after next, or at the latest, Thanksgiving week.

If the plans carry, the ladies will wear jumpers and the men will as nearly as possible resemble a set of Beloved Vagabonds, for the spirit of the times which, according to the money lenders, are hard, will be followed as nearly as possible, even to the subscriptions for the cotillion which will call for about 98 cents.

The dance will take place at the Country club and the limit of the list has been set under sixty so there won't be any crowding.

In the first place, it's dangerous for a young medico to be too good looking.

In the next place, it's dangerous for him to make up a little house party without first consulting the landlord.

In the third place, it's dangerous for him to be careless in choosing friends who haven't assurance enough to bluff when they're called.

And besides, it's unpleasant to hurry away on

the choo choo cars without bidding farewell to at least some of the more attractive of the wild flowers he has tamed.

An affinity party has been proposed by one of



Mrs. Fritz Scheff who was the Guest of Honor at a Tea Given at the Country Club on Tuesday by Lawrence Townsend

the more enterprising young women. It will be rather interesting to study the list of guests.

Mr. Lawrence Townsend assisted by his daughter,

Miss Yvonne Townsend, entertained informally at a tea at the Country club on Tuesday afternoon. A dozen friends were invited to meet Fritz Scheff and Miss Mott, who drove down to the Club in the Newhouse limousine.

Madam Scheff and the Townsends were friends abroad, before she had achieved great prominence on the operatic stage.

Off the stage the little Viennese singer is the same charming woman one would judge her to be after seeing her in her professional capacity, more so in fact for socially her personality is given more latitude and her manner is delightful.

The story of the acquisition of a closed car for the use of Madam Scheff while here is one of singular developments.

Teddy Leary, ahead of the show, looked all over town for a limousine, in fact offered \$50 a day for the hire of one, for it was necessary that he get one for the well molded star.

Finally he heard that he might be able to borrow the McCornick car, so he dashed in and braced Mr. McCornick. He introduced himself, and began—"I'm the manager of Fritz Scheff—"

"Where is it," interrupted the banker? But the agent was too startled to reply, and the real meaning of the name being that of a mine never dawned on him until he was too far away.

Edwin Milton—we know him as just plain Ned—Royle, will be here tomorrow and will have seats at "The Squawman" on Thursday night.

This is the telegraphic news that reached here on Wednesday. That is as it should be, for no city in the world is so loyal to its sons and daughters who have made great stage successes as little old Salt Lake, and when the author of "The Squawman" shows himself in the Theatre he will get a fine reception, for the play is his greatest success and there will be hundreds of his old friends down in front to give the man and his play a splendid welcome.

He will be at home while here, with his parents, Judge and Mrs. J. C. Royle.

Mrs. Isaac Trumbo was the guest of honor at a smart little supper given by Mrs. Robert Gould-Smith on Sunday night, and attended by a dozen of her friends.

Ladies, ladies everywhere, and lots who stayed at home and six big fine looking husky men in a box all alone the opening night of Fritz Scheff. Why it was positively pathetic to observe the moon eyes of a yellowish generation still unasked,



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